

Royal Crown Revue, The Stranger

One kid from Brooklyn
The other from Queens
Met on a crosstown train
They cut from class, and they both agreed
A bottle down at Coney's all they need

A handful of kicks they stashed under their belts
But Queens stepped on Brooklyn's time
Now a new gang's there with icy stares
The stranger said hello and that's goodbye

He's got more faces than the cards you drew
You can't say spit, but you know it's true
When it all comes down, and the deal is through
The stranger made a buyer of me and you

She smoked the filters, and he smoked 'em straight
On gin and jazz they agreed
A pack of nights, went spinnin' round
In no time they were shacking up midtown

A vow it would seem, to fill out that dream
But life ain't what you think
Cause where once stood two, there now stand three
The stranger now divides their company

Mr. Down On His Luck
Living shopping cart dreams
He works the end of my street
With gushing words and daily dimes
I buy myself a little peace of mind

The workday is long
And when night draws her shadow
I get tired and so beat
I passed right by the man in need
The stranger led me faster up the street

I thought I was in a different place
The stranger just looked me dead in the face
I bought his wares in stead of grace
bought a bill of sale instead of grace

He's got more faces than the cards you drew
You can't say spit, you know it's true
When it all comes down, and the deal is through
The stranger, he made a buyer of me and you